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H 796

14.4.

[Addison (Joseph)], (1672-1719). Rosamond. An
Opera. Humbly Inscrib'd to Her Grace the Dutchess
of Marlborough. 4to, chiefly Rom. type, (1) bl. 1. (cut
away), (1) l., 36 pp., some ll. foxed, otherwise good copy,
bds., f.

For Jacob Tonson, London, 1707

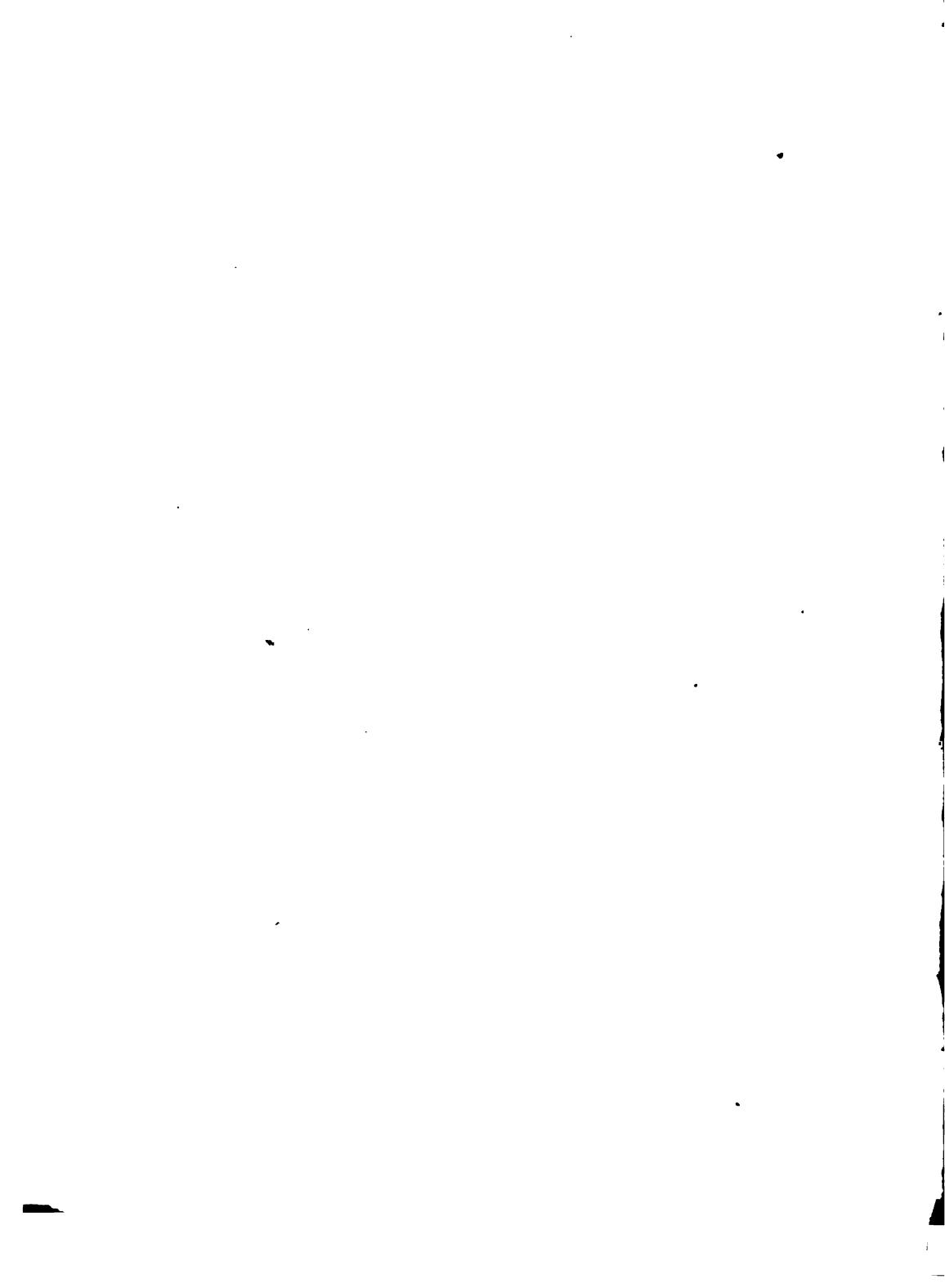
FIRST EDITION. Not in Lowndes, or Col. Grant's collection.
Baker, II, 137: "The plot of this little piece is taken from the
English History in the reiga of Henry II, and it is observed that
exceeds, in the beauty of the diction, any English perfor-
mance of the kind. It was however, very ill set to music. . . ."
Batt and Laing, 2228. (H. 796.)

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R. A. 7° 2.



ROSAMOND.

A N.

OPERA.

Humbly Inscrib'd to Her

GRACE the DUTCHESS

O F

MARLBOROUGH.

*Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, & Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.*

Virg. Æn. 6.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. 1707.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Henry.	Mr. Hughs.
Sir Trusty.	Mr. Leveridge.
Page.	Mr. Holcomb.
Messenger.	Mr. Lawrence.

W O M E N.

Queen Elinor.	Mrs. Tofts.
Rosamond.	Mrs. Gallia.
Grideline, Wife to Sir Trusty.	Mrs. Lindsey.

Guardian Angels.

SCENE *Woodstock Park.*

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter Queen and Page.

Queen. **W**HAT Place is here!
 What Scenes appear!
 Where'er I turn my Eyes,
 All around
 Enchanted Ground
 And soft *Elysiums* rise:
 Flow'ry Mountains,
 Mossie Fountains,
 Shady Woods,
 Chrystal Floods
 With wild Variety surprize.

As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,
 A hundred Echo's round us talk:
 From Hill to Hill our Words are soft,

Rocks rebounding,

Caves resounding,

Not a single Voice is lost.

Alluding to the
famous Echo.

Page. There gentle Rosamond immur'd
 Lives from the World and you secur'd.

Queen. Curse on the Name! I faint, I die,
 With secret Pangs of Jealousie. [Aside.]

Page. There does the pensive Beauty mourn,
 And languish for her Lord's Return.

Queen. Death and Confusion! I'm too slow. [Aside.]
 Show me the happy Mansion, show.

Page. Great Henry there.

Queen. Trifler, no more.

Page. Great Henry there
 Will soon forget the Toils of War.

Queen. No more! the happy Mansion show
 That holds this lovely, guilty Foe.

My Wrath, like that of Heav'n, shall rise,
 And blast her in her Paradise.

Page. Behold on yonder rising Ground

The Bow'r that wanders

In Meanders,

Ever bending,

Never ending,

oquin yem V Lliw du'r

*Glades on Glades,
Shades in Shades,
Running an Eternal Round.*

Queen. In such an endless Maze I rove,
Lost in Labyrinths of Love,
My Breast with hoarded Vengeance burns,
While Fear and Rage
With Hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring Soul by turns.

Page. The Path yon verdant Field divides
Which to the soft Confinement guides.

Queen. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated Rival's Crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!

--Does she not warm with guilty Fires
The faithless Lord of my Desires
Have not her fatal Arts remov'd

My Henry from my Arms
'Tis her Crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her Crime to have Charms
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die!

I feel, I feel my Heart relents,
How could the Fair be innocent?
To a Monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!

One so great and so brave
 All Hearts must enslave.

Page. Hark, hark! what Sound invades my Ear?
 The Conqueror's Approach I hear.

He comes, Victorious Henry comes!
 Hounds, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,
 In dreadful Confort join'd,
 Send from afar
 A Sound of War,
 And fill with Horror ev'ry Wind.

Queen. Henry returns, from Danger free,
 Henry returns!---- But not to me.

He comes his Rosamond to greet,
 And lay his Laurels at her Feet,
 His Vows impatient to renew;
 His Vows to Bleonora due.
 Here shall the happy Nymph detain,
 (While of his Abletee I complain)
 Hid in her mazy wanton Bō'r,
 My Lord, my Life, my Conqueror.

No, no, it is decreed
 The Traitors shall bleed;
 No Fear shall alarm;
 No Pity disarm;
 In my Rage shall be seen
 The Revenge of a Queen.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir Trusty, Knight of the Bower, solus.

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his Wit and his Beauty!

For of us pretty Fellows

Our Wives are so Jealous,

They ne'er have enough of our Duty.

But hah! my Limbs begin to quiver,

I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive Strife?

I smell a Shrew!

My Fears are true,

I see my Wife,

Enter Gridline, Wife to Sir Trusty.

Grid. Faithless Varlet, art thou there?

Sir Tr. My Love, my Dove, my Charming Fair!

Grid. Monster, thy wheedling Tricks I know.

Sir Tr. Why wilt thou call thy Turtle so?

Grid. Cheat not me with false Caresses.

Sir Tr. Let me stop thy Mouth with Kisses.

Grid.

Grid. Those to Fair Rosamond are due.

Sir Tr. She is not half so Fair as you,

Grid. She views thee with a Lover's Eye.

Sir Tr. I'll still be thine, and let her die.

Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy Frauds I see,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir Tr. O Grideline! consult thy Glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching Face,

Those blooming Cheeks, that lovely Hue!

Ev'ry Feature

(Charming Creature)

Will convince you I am true.

Grid. O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!

Did he not cover amorous Wiles

With soft, but ah! deceiving Smiles:

How should I Revel in Delight,

The Spouse of such a Peerless Knight!

Sir Tr. At length the Storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to Peace.

'Tis now my Turn to Tyranize,

I feel, I feel my Fury rise!

[Aside.

Tigress, be gone.

Grid. — I love thee so

I cannot go.

Sir Tr. Fly from my Passion, Beldame, fly!

Grid. Why so unkind, Sir Trify, why?

histr

Sir Tr.

Sir Tr. Thou'rt the Plague of my Life.

Grid. I'm a foolish, fond Wife.

Sir Tr. Let us part,

Let us part.

Grid. Will you break my poor Heart?

Will you break my poor Heart?

Sir Tr. I will if I can.

Grid. O barbarous Man!

From whence doth all this Passion flow?

Sir Tr. Thou art ugly and old,

And a villainous Scold.

Grid. Thou art a Rustick to call me so.

I'm not ugly nor old,

Nor a villainous Scold,

But thou art a Rustick to call me so.

Thou, Traitor, adieu!

Sir Tr. Farewel, thou Shrew!

Grid. Thou Traitor,

Sir Tr. Thou Shrew,

Both. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Grid.

Sir Truſty ſolus.

How hard is our Fate

Who ſerve in the State,

And ſhould lay out our Cares

On Publick Affairs;

When

When conjugal Toils
 And Family Broils
 Make all our great Labours miscarry!
 Yet this is the Lot
 Of him that has got
 Fair Rosamond's Bow'r,
 With the Clew in his Pow'r,
 And is Courted by all,
 Both the great and the small,
 As principal Pimp to the mighty King Harry.

But see, the pensive Fair draws near!
 I'll at a Distance stand and hear.

Enter Rosamond.

From Walk to Walk, from Shade to Shade,
 From Stream to purling Stream cohev'y'd,
 Through all the Mazes of the Grove,
 Through all the mingling Tracks I rove,

Turning,
 Burning,
 Changing,
 Ranging,

Full of Grief and full of Love.
 Impatient for my Lord's Return
 I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

Was

Was ever Passion crost'd like mine?

To rend my Breast,

And break my Rest,

A thousand thousand Ills combine.

Absence wounds me,

Fear surrounds me,

Guilt confounds me,

Was ever Passion crost'd like mine?

Sir Tr. What Heart of Stone

Can hear her moan,

And not in Dumps so doleful join!

[Apart.

Ros. How does my constant Grief deface
The Pleasures of this happy Place!

In vain the Spring my Senses greets

In all her Colours, all her Sweets;

To me the Rose

No longer glows,

Every Plant

Has lost its Scent:

The vernal Blooms of various Hue,

The Blossoms fresh with Morning Dew,

The Breeze, that sweeps these fragrant Bow'rs,

Fill'd with the Breath of Op'ning Flow'rs;

Purple Scenes,

Winding Greens,

Glooms inviting,

Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest Store).

Charm my tortur'd Soul no more.

Ye Pow'rs I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why!

From Death and Alarms

Fly, fly to my Arms,

Fly to my Arms, my Monarch, fly!

Sir Tr. How much more bleis'd wou'd Lovers be,
Did all the whining Fools agree
To live like Grideline and me! [Apart.]

Ros. O Rosamond, behold too late
And tremble at thy future Fate!

Curse this unhappy, guilty Face,
Every Charm, and every Grace,
That to thy Ruin made their way,
And led thine Innocence astray:

At home thou seest thy Queen enrag'd,
Abroad thy absent Lord engag'd
In Wars, that may our Loves disjoin,
And end at once his Life and mine.

Sir Tr. Such cold Complaints besit a Nun:
If she turns honest I'm undone! [Apart.]

Ros. Beneath some hoary Mountain

I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling Fountain

Bewail my self asleep,

Where feather'd Quires combining

With gentle murmur'ring Streams,
And Winds in Consort joining,

Raise sadly-pleasing Dreams. [Exit Ros.]

Sir

Sir Trusty solus.

What savage Tiger would not pity
 A Damsel so distress'd and pretty!
 But hah! a Sound my Bow'r invades, [Trumpets flourish.
 And echo's through the winding Shades;
 'Tis *Henry*'s March! the Tune I know:
 A Messenger! It must be so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great *Henry* comes! with Love opprest;
 Prepare to lodge the Royal Guest.
 From purple Fields with Slaughter spread,
 From Rivers choak'd with Heaps of Dead,
 From glorious and immortal Toils,
 Loaden with Honour, rich with Spoils,
 Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy Bow'r
 To lodge the mighty Conquerour.

Sir *Tr.* The Bow'r and Lady both are drest,
 And ready to receive their Guest.

Mess. Hither the Victor flies (his Queen
 And Royal Progeny unseen)
 Soon as the *British* Shores he reach'd,
 Hither his foaming Courier stretch'd:
 And see! his eager Steps prevent
 The Message that himself hath sent!

Sir Tr. Here will I stand
 With Hat in Hand
 Obsequiously to meet him,
 And must endeavour
 At Behaviour
 That's suitable to greet him.

Enter King Henry after a Flourish of Trumpets.

King. Where is my Love! my Rosamond!

Sir Tr. First, as in strictest Duty bound,
 I kiss your Royal Hand,

King. Where is my Life! my Rosamond!

Sir Tr. Next with Submission most profound,
 I welcome you to Land.

King. Where is the Tender, Charming Fair!

Sir Tr. Let me appear, Great Sir, I pray,

Methodical in what I say.

King. Where is my Love! O tell me where!

Sir Tr. For when we have a Prince's Ear,
 We should have Wit

To know what's fit
 For us to speak, and him to hear.

King. These dull Delays I cannot bear,
 Where is my Love, O tell me where!

Sir Tr. I speak, Great Sir, with weeping Eyes,
 She raves, ah! she faints, she dies.

King. What dost thou say? my Heart's alarm'd!

Sir Tr. Be not, my Liege, too quickly warm'd:

She

She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

King. *Was ever Nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace!*

*My Heart's on Fire
With strong Desire,
And leaps and springs to her Embrace.*

Sir Tr. At the Sight of her Lover
She'll quickly recover.

What Place will you chuse
For first Interviews?

King. Full in the Center of the Grove.
In yon Pavilion made for Love,
Where Woodbines, Roses, Jessamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling Sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay Alcove.

Sir Tr. Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient Gloom;
There's not a Place in all the Park
Has Trees so thick, and Shades so dark.

King. Mean while with due Attention wait
To guard the Bow'r, and watch the Gate;
Let neither Envy, Grief, nor Fear,
Nor Love-sick Jealousie appear,
Nor senseless Pomp nor Noise intrude
On this Delicious Solitude;
But Pleasure reign through all the Grove,
And all be Peace, and all be Love.

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish
When we Love, and when we Languish!

Wishes rising!

Thought surprizing!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing

Joys ensnaring!

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish!

[Exeunt.

End of the First A C T.

A C T H. S C E N E I.

A Pavilion in the Middle of the Bower.

King and Rosamond.

King. **T**Hus let my weary Soul forget
Restless Glory, Martial Strife,
Anxious Pleasures of the Great,
And gilded Cares of Life.

Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising Joys,
Fierce Impatience, fond Desires,
Painful Absence that destroys,
And Life-consuming Fires.

King.

King. Not the loud *British* Shout that warms
 The Warrior's Heart, nor clashing Arms,
 Nor Fields with hostile Banners strow'd,
 Nor Life on prostrate *Gauls* bestow'd,
 Give half the Joys that fill my Breast,
 While with my *Rosamond* I'm blest.

Ros. My *Henry* is my Soul's Delight,
 My Wish by Day, my Dream by Night.
 'Tis not in Language to impart
 The secret Meltings of my Heart,
 While I my Conqueror survey,
 And look my very Soul away.

King. O may the present Bliss endure
 From Fortune, Time, and Death secure!

Both. O may the present Bliss endure!

King. My Eye cou'd ever gaze, my Ear
 Those gentle Sounds cou'd ever hear.
 But oh! with Noon-day Heats oppress'd,
 My aking Temples call for Rest!
 In yon cool Grotto's artful Night
 Refreshing Slumbers I'll invite,
 Then seek again my absent Fair,
 With all the Love a Heart can bear.

[Exit *King.*]

Rosamond *solo.*

From whence this sad presaging Fear,
 This sudden Sigh, this falling Tear?

Oft.

Oft in my silent Dreams by Night
 With such a Look I've seen him fly,
 Wafted by Angels to the Sky,
 And lost in endless Tracks of Light ;
 While I abandon'd and forlorn,
 To dark and dismal Desarts born,
 Through lonely Wilds have seem'd to stray,
 A long, uncomfortable Way.

*They're Fantoms all, I'll think no more ;
 My Life has endless Joys in store.
 Farewel Sorrow, farewel Fear,
 They're Fantoms all ! my Henry's bere.*

SCENE *A Postern Gate of the Bower.*

Grideline and Page.

Grid. My Stomach swells with secret Spight,
 To see my fickle, faithless Knight,
 With upright Gesture, goodly Mein,
 Face of Olive, Coat of Green,
 That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
 So little his own Worth to know,
 On a meer Girl his Thoughts to place,
 With dimpl'd Cheeks and baby Face,
 A Child ! a Chit ! that was not born,
 When I did Town and Court adorn.

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Page.

Page. Can any Man prefer Fifteen
To Venerable Grideline?

Grid. He does, my Child; or tell me why
With weeping Eyes so oft I spy
His Whiskers curl'd, and Shoo-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his Side,
In Shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With Band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

Page. If Rosamond his Garb has view'd
The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd.

Grid. My anxious boding Heart divines
His Falshood by a thousand Signs;
Oft o'er the lonely Rocks he walks,
And to the foolish Echo talks;
Oft in the Glass he rolls his Eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie Heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

Page. Well may you feel these soft Alarms,
She has a Heart-----

Grid. ----- And He has Charms.

Page. Your fears are too just-----

Grid. ----- Too plainly I've prov'd

Both. *He loves and is lov'd.*

Grid. O Merciless Fate!

Page. *Deplorable State!*

Grid. *To die-----*

Page. ----- *To be slain*

Grid. By a Barbarous Swain,

Both. That Laughs at your Pain.

Grid. How shou'd I act? Can't shou advise?

Page. Open the Gate, if you are wise;

I, in an unsuspected Hour,

May catch 'em dallying in the Bow'r,

Perhaps their loose Amours prevent,

And keep Sir Trusty Innocent.

Grid. Thou art in Truth

A forward Youth,

Of Wit and Parts above thy Age;

Thou know'st our Sex. Thou art a Page.

Page. I'll do what I can

To surprise the false Man.

Grid. Of such a faithful Spy I've need;

Go in, and if thy Plots succeed

Fair Youth thou may'st depend on this,

I'll pay thy Service with a Kiss.

*An opening Scene
discovers another View of the
Boxer.*

[Exit Page.

Grideline sola.

Prithee Cupid no more

Hurl thy Darts at Threescore,

To thy Girls and thy Boys

Give thy Pains and thy Joys,

Let Sir Trusty and me

From thy Frolics be-free.

[Exit Grid.

Re-enter.

Re-enter Page, *solus*.

O the soft delicious View,
Ever Charming, ever New !
Greens of various Shades arise,
Deck'd with Flow'rs of various Dyes :
Paths by meeting Paths are crost,
Alleys in winding Alleys lost ;
Fountains playing through the Trees,
Give Coolness to the passing Breeze.

A thousand fairy Scenes appear,
Here a Grove, a Grotto here,
Here a Rock, and here a Stream,
Sweet Delusion,
Gay Confusion,
All a Vision, all a Dream !

Enter Queen.

Queen. At length the bow'ry Vaults appear !
My Bosom heaves, and pants with Fear :
A thousand Checks my Heart controul,
A thousand Terrors shake my Soul.

Page. Behold the brazen Gate unbarr'd !

---She's fixt in Thought, I am not heard -- [*apart*].

Queen. I see, I see my Hands embru'd
In purple Streams of reeking Blood :

I see the Victim gasp for Breath,
And start in Agonies of Death :

I see my raging dying Lord,
And O, I see my self abhor'd !

Page. My Eyes o'erflow, my Heart is rent
To hear Britannia's Queen lament. [Aside.]

Queen. What shall my trembling Soul pursue ?

Page. Behold, Great Queen, the Place in View !

Queen. Ye Pow'rs instruct me what to do !

Page. That Bow'r will show

The guilty Foe.

Queen. ---It is decreed ---It shall be so ; [After a Pause.]

I cannot see my Lord repine

(Oh that I cou'd call him mine !)

Why have not they most Charms to move,

Whose Bosoms burn with purest Love !

Page. Her Heart with Rage and Fondness glows.

O Jealousie ! thou Hell of Woes !

[Aside.]

That conscious Scene of Love contains

The fatal Cause of all your Pains :

In yonder flow'ry Vale she lies,

Where those fair-blossom'd Arbours rise.

Queen. Let us haste to destroy

Her Guilt and her Joy.

Wild and frantic is my Grief !

Fury driving,

Mercy striving,

Heav'n in pity send Relief ?

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The

The Pangs of Love
 Ye Pow'rs remove,
 Or dart your Thunder at my Head :
 Love and Despair
 What Heart can bear ?
 Ease my Soul, or strike me Dead ! [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Pavilion as before.

Rosamond sola.

Transporting Pleasure ! who can tell it !
 When our longing Eyes discover,
 The kind, the dear approaching Lover,
 Who can hide, or who reveal it !

A sudden Motion shakes the Grove :
 I hear the Steps of him I Love ;
 Prepare, my Soul, to meet thy Bliss !
 —— Death to my Eyes ! what Sight is this !
 The Queen, th' offended Queen I see !
 —— Open, O Earth ! and swallow me !

Enter the Queen with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.

Queen. Thus arm'd with double Death I come :
 Behold, vain Wretch, behold thy Doom !
 Thy Crimes to their full Period tend,
 And soon by This or This shall end. Ros.

Rof. What shall I say, or how reply
To Threats of injur'd Majesty?

Queen. 'Tis Guilt that does thy Tongue controul,
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right Hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy Heart.

Rof. Can Britain's Queen give such Commands,
Or dip in Blood those sacred Hands?
In Her shall such Revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's Queen!

Queen. How black does my Design appear?
Was ever Mercy so severe. [Aside.]

Rof. When Tides of joyful Blood run high,
And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh,

Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

Queen. To those whom foul Dishonours stain,
Life it self should be a Pain.

Rof. Who could resist great Henry's Charms,
And drive the Heroe from her Arms?

Think on the soft, the tender Fires,
Melting Thoughts and gay Desires,
That in your own warm Bosom rise,
When languishing with Love-sick Eyes.
That great, that charming Man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!

Queen.

Queen. And dost thou thus thy Guilt deplore!

[Offering the Dagger to her Breast.
Presumptuous Woman! plead no more!]

Rof. O Queen your lifted Arm restrain!
Behold these Tears!

Queen. —— They flow in vain.

Rof. Look with Compassion on my Fate!
O hear my Sighs!

Queen. —— They rise too late;
Hope not a Day's, an Hour's Reprieve.

Rof. Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep Dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry Human Eye,
Banish'd the Day, debar'd the Light;
Where Shades of everlasting Night,
May this unhappy Face disarm,
And cast a Veil o'er ev'ry Charm:
Offended Heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the Sun, nor Henry more.

Queen. Moving Language, shining Tears,
Glowing Guilt, and graceful Fears, had
Kindling Pity, kindling Rage,
At once provoke me, and asswage. [Afide

Rof. What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled Vengeance?

Queen. —— Thou shall die. [Offering the Dagger.

Rof. Give me but one short Moment's stay;

— O Henry why so far away?

[Afide.

Queen.

Queen. Prepare to welter in a Flood
Of streaming Gore. [Offering the Dagger.

Ros. ----- O spare my Blood,
And let me grasp the deadly Bowl.

[Takes the Bowl in her Hand.

Queen. Ye Pow'rs how Pity rends my Soul! [Aside.

Ros. Thus prostrate at your Feet I fall.

O let me still for Mercy call. [Falling on her Knees.

Accept, Great Queen, like injur'd Heav'n,

The Soul that Begs to be Forgiu'n:

If in the latest Gasp of Breath,

If in the dreadful Pains of Death,

When the cold Damp bedews your Brow,

You hope for Mercy, show it now.

Queen. Mercy to lighter Crimes is due,
Horrors and Death shall thine pursue.

[Offering the Dagger.

Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal Blow. [Drinks.

--- Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

Queen. Where thy past Life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou had'st been Innocent.

Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the Stroke,
And wound a Heart already broke.

My dying Soul with Fury burns,

And slighted Grief to Madness turns,

Think not, thou Author of my Woe,

That Rosamond will leave thee so:

At dead of Night

Aglaring Spright

With

With hideous Screams
 I'll haunt thy Dreams,
 And when the painful Night withdraws,
 My Henry shall Revenge my Cause.

O whither does my Frenzy drive !
 Forgive my Rage, your Wrongs forgive.
 My Veins are froze, my Blood grows chill,
 The weary Springs of Life stand still,
 The Sleep of Death benums all o'er
 My fainting Limbs, and I'm no more.

[Falls on the Couch.]

Queen. Hear, you who wait on my Commands ! [To her Attendants.
 Beneath those Hills a Convent stands,
 Where the fat'm'd Streams of Isis stray ;
 Thither the breathless Coarse convey,
 And bid the Cloister'd Maids with care
 The due Solemnities prepare. [Exeunt with the Body.

When vanquish'd Foes beneath us lie,
 How great it is to bid them die !
 But how much greater to forgive,
 And bid a vanquish'd Foe to live !

Enter Sir Trusty in a Fright.

A breathless Corps ! what have I seen !
 And follow'd by the Jealous Queen !
 It must be she ! my Fears are true :
 The Bowl of poi's nous Juice I view,
 How can the fat'm'd Sir Trusty live
 To hear his Master chide and grieve ?

No ! tho' I hate such bitter Beer,
 Fair *Rosamond* I'll pledge thee here,
 The King this doleful News shall read
 In Lines of my Inditing :

Great Sir,

Your *Rosamond* is dead
 As I am at this present writing.

[Drinks.

[Writes. —

The Bow'r turns round, my Brain's abus'd,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The Thickets Dance---I stretch, I yawn,
Death has tripp'd up my Heels---I'm gone.

[Staggers and falls.

Re-enter Queen, *sola.*

The Conflict of my Mind is o'er,
 And *Rosamond* shall Charm no more.

Hence ye Secret Damps of Care,

Fierce Disdain, and cold Despair,

Hence ye Fears and Doubts remove ;

Hence Grief and Hate !

Ye Pains that wait

On Jealousie, the Rage of Love.

My Henry shall be mine Alone,

The Heroe shall be All my own ;

Nobler Joys possest my Heart

Than Crowns and Scepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I

Scene a Grotto, Henry asleep, a Cloud descends, in it two Angels suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.

1 Ang. Behold th' unhappy Monarch there,
B That claims our Tutelary Care!

2 Ang. In Fields of Death around his Head
A Shield of Adamant I spread.

1 Ang. In Hours of Peace unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British Throne.

2 Ang. When Hosts of Foes with Foes engage
And round th' anointed Heroe rage,
The cleaving Fauchion I misguide
And turn the feather'd Shaft aside.

1 Ang. When dark fermenting Factions swell,
And prompt th' Ambitious to rebel,
A thousand Terrors I impart,
And damp the furious Traitor's Heart,

Both. But O what Influence can remove
The Pangs of Grief, and Rage of Love!

2 Ang. I'll fire his Soul with mighty Themes
Till Love before Ambition fly.

1 Ang. I'll sooth his Cares in pleasing Dreams
Till Grief in joyful Raptures die.

2 Ang. Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British Annals can be found;
Whatever Actions shall adorn
Britannia's Heroes yet unborn

In dreadful Visions shall succeed;
 On fancy'd Fields the Gaul shall bleed,
 Cressy shall stand before his Eyes,
 And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1 Ang. See, see, he smiles amidst his Trance,
 And shakes a visionary Lance,
 His Brain is fill'd with loud Alarms,
 Shouting Armies, clashing Arms,
 The softer Prints of Love deface;
 And Trumpets sound in ev'ry Trace.

Both: Glory strives,
 The Field is won,
 Fame revives
 And Love is gone.

1 Ang. To calm thy Grief and lull thy Cares,
 Look up and see
 What, after long revolving Years,
 Thy Bow'r shall be!
 When Time its Beauties shall deface,
 And only with its Ruins grace
 The future Prospect of the Place.

Behold the glorious Pile ascending!
 Columns swelling, Arches bending,
 Domes in awful Pomp arising,
 Art in curious Strokes surprizing,
 Foes in figur'd Fights contending;
 Behold the glorious Pile ascending!

Scene changes to
the Plan of Blen-
heim Castle.

2 Ang. He sees, he sees the great Reward
 For Anna's mighty Chief prepar'd:
 His growing Joys no Measure keep,
 Too vehement and fierce for Sleep.

1 Ang.

1 Ang. *Let Grief and Love at once engage,
His Heart is Proof to all their Pain;
Love may plead.*

2 Ang. *And Grief may rage* —

Both. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The Angels
ascend, and
the Vision dis-
appears.

Henry starting from the Couch.

Where have my ravish'd Senses been!
What Joys, what Wonders have I seen!
The Scene yet stands before my Eye:
A thousand glorious Deeds that lye
In deep Futurity obscure,
Fights and Triumphs Immature,
Heroes immers'd in Time's dark Womb,
Ripening for mighty Years to come,
Break forth, and to the Day display'd,
My soft inglorious Hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a Schemē
My Waking Life appears a Dream.

*Adieu, ye wanton Shades and Bow'rs,
Wreaths of Myrtle, Beds of Flow'rs,*

Rosie Brakes,

Silver Lakes,

To Love and you

A long Adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising Woe!

Why do my weeping Eyes o'erflow?

O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!

How shall my Heart, with Grief oppress'd,

Its unrelenting Purpose tell;
And take the long, the last Farewell!

Rise, Glory, rise in all thy Charms,
Thy waving Crest, and burnish'd Arms,
Spread thy gilded Banners round,
Make thy thund'ring Courser Bound,
Bid the Drum and Trumpet join,
Warm my Soul with Rage Divine;
All thy Poms around thee call:
To Conquer Love will ask 'em all. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to that Part of the Bow'r where
Sir Trusty lies upon the Ground, with the Bowl and
Dagger on the Table.

Enter Queen

Ev'ry Star, and ev'ry Pow'r,
Look down on this important Hour:
Lend your Protection and Defence
Ev'ry Guard of Innocence!
Help me my Henry to allwage,
To gain his Love, or bear his Rage.

Mysterious Love, uncertain Treasure,
Hast thou more of Pain or Pleasure!
Chill'd with Tears,
Kill'd with Fears,
Endless Torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee?

But oh the Sight my Soul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on Fire!
Why am I banish'd from his Arms? [Retires to the End
My Heart's too full, I must retire. of the Stage.

Enter King.

Some dreadful Birth of Fate is near:
Or why, my Soul, unus'd to fear
With secret Horror dost thou shake?

Can Dreams such dire Impressions make!

What means this solemn silent Show?

This Pomp of Death, this Scene of Woe!

Support me, Heav'n! What's this I read?

O Horror! Rosamond is dead.

What shall I say, or whither turn?

With Grief, and Rage, and Love, I burn:

From Thought to Thought my Soul is toss'd,

And in the Whirl of Passion lost.

Why did I not in Battle fall,

Crush'd with the Thunder of the Gaul?

Why did the Spear my Bosom miss?

Ye Pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with Woe

I'll rush on the Foe

To seek my Relief:

The Sword or the Dart

Shall pierce my sad Heart,

And finish my Grief!

Queen. Fain wou'd my Tongue his Heart appease,
And give his raging Tortures Ease. [Aside.

King. But see! the Cause of all my Fears,

The Source of all my Grief appears!

No unexpected Guest is here;

The fatal Bowl

Inform'd my Soul

Eleonora was too near.

Queen.

Queen. Why do I here my Lord receive?

King. Is this the Welcome that you give?

Queen. Thus shou'd divided Lovers meet?

Both. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

Queen. What in these guilty Shades cou'd you,
Inglorious Conqueror, pursue?

King. Cruel Woman, what cou'd you?

Queen. Degen'rate Thoughts have fir'd your Breast.

King. The Thirst of Blood has yours possess'd,

Queen. *A Heart so unrepenting,*

King. *A Rage so unrelenting,*

Both. *Will for ever.*

Love diff'rent,

Will for ever break our Rest.

King. Floods of Sorrow will I shed

To mourn the Lovely Shade!

My Rosamond, alas, is dead,

And where, O where convey'd!

So bright a Bloom, so soft an Air,

Did ever Nymph disclose!

The Lilly was not half so fair,

Nor half so sweet the Rose.

Queen. How is his Heart with Anguish torn! [Aside
My Lord, I cannot see you Mourn,

The Living you lament: While I

To be lamented so cou'd Die.

King. The Living! speak, oh speak again!

Why will you dally with my Pain?

Queen. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive?

Wou'd not my former Wrongs revive?

King

King. Oh no, by Visions from above,
Prepar'd for Grief, and freed from Love,
I came to take my last Adieu,

Queen. How am I blest'd if this be true! — [Aside.]

King. And leave th' unhappy Nymph for you.
But O! —

Queen. — Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Rosamond* does Live.

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
How much more to give him Ease?
When his Passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The Bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

King. O quickly relate
This Riddle of Fate!
My Impatience forgive,
Does *Rosamond* live?

Queen. The Bowl, with drowsie Juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* Drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd Death has clos'd her Eyes:
But soon the waking Nymph shall rise,
And, in a Convent plac'd, admire
The Cloister'd Walls, and Virgin Quire,
With them in Songs and Hymns divine
The beauteous Penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty World Adieu,

King. How am I blest if this be true! — [Aside.]

Queen. Atoning for her self and you.

King. I ask no more! Secure the Fair
 In Life and Bliss: I ask not where:
 For ever from my Fancy fled
 May the whole World believe her dead,
 That no foul Minister of Vice—
 Again my sinking Soul intice
 Its broken Passion to renew,
 But let me live and die with you.

Queen. How does my Heart for such a Prize
 The vain censorious World despise!
 Tho' distant Ages, yet unborn,
 For *Rosamond* shall falsely mourn;
 And with the present Times agree,
 To brand my Name with Crackly;
 How does my Heart for such a Prize
 The vain censorious World despise!

But see your Slave, while yet I speak,
 From his dull Trance unfetter'd break!
 As he the Potion shall survive
 Believe your *Rosamond* alive.

King. O happy Day! O pleasing View!
 My Queen forgives—

Queen. —— My Lord is true.

King. No more I'll change.

Queen. No more I'll grieve,

Both. But ever thus united live.

Sir Trusty awaking.

In which World am I! all I see,
 Ev'ry Thicket, Bush and Tree,

So like the Place from whence I came,
 That one wou'd swear it were the same.
 My former Legs too, by their Pace !
 And by the Whiskers, 'tis my Face !
 The self-same Habit, Garb and Mien !
 They ne'er wou'd bury me in Green.

Enter Grideline.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this Hour,
 And took thee in the very Bow'r ?

Sir Tr. Widow *Trusty*, why so fine ?
 Why dost thou thus in Colours shine ?
 Thou shou'dst thy Husband's Death bewail
 In sable Vesture, Peak and Veil.

Grid. Forbear these foolish Freaks, and see
 How our good King and Queen agree.
 Why shou'd not we their Steps pursue
 And do as our Superiors do ?

Sir Tr. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream ?
 I know not who, or where I am,
 Or what I hear, or what I see,
 But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
 It suits a Person in my Station
 T' observe the Mode, and be in Fashion.
 Then let not *Grideline* the Chast
 Offended be for what is past,
 And hence anew my Vows I plight
 To be a faithful courteous Knight.

Grid. I'll too my plighted Vows renew,
 Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

Sister

Since conjugal Passion
 Is come into Fashion,
 And Marriage so bleſſ'd on the Throne is,
 Like a Venus I'll ſhine,
 Be fond and be fine,
 And Sir Trusty ſhall be my Adonis,
 Sir Tr. And Sir Trusty ſhall be thy Adonis.

The King and Queen advancing.

King. Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,
 That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?
 Hymen, thou Source of chaste Delights,
 Chearful Days, and blissful Nights,
 Thou dost untainted Joys dispence,
 And Pleasure join with Innocence,
 Thy Raptures laſt, and are sincere
 From future Grief and present Fear.

Both. Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,
 That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love..

F I N I S

